Note to compositor:

Print this on inside of front cover.

ALBERTA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

Vol. 1. No. 3. September 1945.

Alberta Folklore Quarterly is published by the University of Alberta under the provisions of the Alberta Folklore and Local History Project. The magazine aims to print authentic first hand accounts interpretative of the region and its people; to encourage the collection and preservation of the traditional materials of Alberta; and to help foster a literature indigenous to this part of the Canadian West.

Editor

Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S.

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Address all correspondence to Editor, Alberta Folklore Quarterly, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

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THE COVER

"Off to the Southern Alberta
Old Timers' Roundup".

Courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Note to compositor:

Print this on inside of back cover.

WINNERS: Competition, June 1945.

Alberta Writers' Conference and Provincial Chapter,
Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

POETRY (Girls),

FIRST PRIZE: Next Year, by Joan Jackson, Calgary.
SECOND PRIZE: The Northern Nurse, Clrene Ludescher, Whitelaw.
THIRD PRIZE: The Garden of the North, by Jeanie Atkins, Peace River.

(Boys),
FIRST PRIZE: The Pine Tree, by Donald Jackson, Lethbridge.
SECOND PRIZE: When It's Springtime in Peace River, by Morten Kobasa, Whitelaw.
THIRD PRIZE: What Price Victory, by Roy Kenchtel, Grande Prairie.

SHORT STORY

FIRST PRIZE: Randy's Choice ,by Winnifred Thorogood, Edmonton.
SECOND PRIZE: The Tale of an old Pioneer, by T. C. Gordon, (Edmonton.
THIRD PRIZE: The Ghost Trail, by Shirley Davidson, Whitelaw.

ESSAY

FIRST PRIZE: Alberta - I am Proud of You, by Laurence Moon, Grande Prairie.
SECOND PRIZE: Calling Lake, by June Davidson, Whitelaw.
THIRD PRIZE: Alberta - Land to Love, by Louise W. Marchant, Edmonton.

SCHOOL PAPER: En Avant, Alexander High School, Medicine Hat.

1 & 2 Room Rural School Publication: Kiew Memories, 1944-45. Kiew School, S.D. 1693, Vegreville.

YEAR BOOK: Who's Who, 1945. Whitelaw School, Whitelaw.

JUDGES: Poetry: Dr. Mary Winspear,
Short Story: Prof. F. M. Salter,
Essay: Mr. Robert F. Gard,
Class A; University Library Staff.

FISH STORY

When the first homesteaders came to the Eye Hill District they crowded the ranchers off the map. The cattlemen resented this intrusion, but it must have given them some comfort to realize that farmers would not last long on the sandy soil. One of these settlers asked a cowboy whether there were any fish in Eye Hill Creek.

"No!" the rider chortled, "but there are a hell of a lot of suckers settling along it."

-o-o-o-

THE WALLET

Old Bill Greathouse's place was a great hangout for stag parties. One night a crowd came from Provost to engage in an all night poker game, with whiskey on the side. It was Bill's lucky night, and after he'd cleaned out the boys all hit the hay. At noon Bill pulled on his pants and started to cook breakfast. Deciding to count his winnings he reached into his pocket and found his wallet was gone. With a roar he grabbed his trusty six-shooter and lined his frightened guests against the wall. Sure enough, there was his wallet in the pocket of the last man in the row. Bill would probably have committed murder if the others hadn't insisted that he let the culprit explain. The explanation was simple. Due to his hangover, Bill had donned the first pair of pants he laid his hands on, and so the pantless one had no choice but to put on Bill's.

-o-o-o-o-

THE POINT OF VIEW.

When a boy has a fight, Mother says, "Did you get

Note to compositor: Use as fillers where required.

hurt?" Father says, "Did you spoil your clothes?" Brother says, "Did you lick him?"

-0-0-0-0-

PAID IN FULL.

A famous preacher once made use of the services of a young doctor who was not an ardent church goer, but the doctor failed to send a bill.

"Look here, doctor," demanded the preacher, "I've got to know how much I owe you."

After thinking it over the doctor said: "I'll tell you what. I hear you're a pretty good preacher, and you seem to figure I'm a pretty good doctor. I'll make a bargain. I'll do all I can to keep you out of heaven if you'll do all you can to keep me out of hell,"and it won't cost either of us a cent!"

-0-0-0-0-

REMEMBER?

Has it ever occurred to you:

That other people may find it difficult to get on with you?

That you were young yourself once?

That others have a right to their own opinions?

That what you do and say helps to shape other lives?

That home is where you ought to be at your best, not your worst?

That you can begin again?

That you might have tried harder?

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Note to compositor: Use as fillers where required.

ABOUT MEN

A man thinks that whatever vexation a woman is suffering from, his kisses can put it right.

Women are never disarmed by compliments, men always are.

The man who has no secrets from his wife either has no secrets or no wife.

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NEIGHBOURS.

There is a story told about an old Quaker who stood at the village well greeting weary travellers who passed along the way. And to each who asked, "What kind of people live around here?" he would respond with another question. "What kind of people did thee find in thy last abode?"

If the traveller said he had a community where people were bright, gay, genial and fun-loving the Quaker father would answer promptly that the questing one would find them much the same in his community. But to travellers who complained they had left a community where people were ugly, quarrelsome and ill-tempered the patriarch would sadly shake his head and say, "Alas, brother, here thee will find them much the same."

-0-0-0-0-

ABOUT WOMEN

The way to fight a woman is with your hat. Grab it and run.

Concerning the baby stare. If it's real she doesn't know enough. If it's not she knows too much.

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Cameron, Don?

AS WE WERE SAYING

As the third issue of the Quarterly goes to press we have to announce with sincere regret the departure of Mr. Gard to accept an appointment at Madison, Wisconsin. Not only will Bob and his lovable, hard-working little wife, Maryo, be missed around the campus but their departure will also be keenly felt at innumerable Alberta spots from Brooks to Peace River, where they have sought so dilligently to preserve the folklore of this Province. As time passes Albertans will realize the deep debt of gratitude they owe to Mr. and Mrs. Gard for the treasure trove of material assembled by them in the vaults of the University for the use of future writers and historians.

At the suggestion of Mr. Gard, and with the approval of Doctor Newton and the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors, Mr. Philip H. Godsell, F.R.G.S., has taken over the position of Director of Folklore and Local History Project, and henceforth will carry on the work of Mr. Gard as editor of the Quarterly. Sailing from London through Hudson Straits on the oaken-prowed Pelican in 1906, a raw recruit to the ranks of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Godsell landed at the palisaded fort of York Factory, established by the ubiquitous Radisson in the days of the Merry Monarch. To the swish of the Northern Lights, the crackle of campfires and the crunch of snowshoes, his trails have carried him by dog-sled, canoe and Indian-manned York boat 100,000 miles through the heart of our vast Northland. His moccasined feet have followed dim trails from Labrador to the heart of Alaska, and from the bark

wigwams of Hiawatha's dusky Ojibways to the blubber-lit igloos of the so-called "Blonde" Eskimos of the Central Arctic.

Godsell, in the old days, smuggled beaver under the noses of Provincial Police, who made frequent but unsuccessful raids upon his posts; helped Factor Beatton of Fort St. John to save a survey party from massacre at the hands of The Wolf and his Beaver Indian braves, and reared Fort Brabant among the Cogmollock Eskimos.where Corporal Doak of the Mounted Police and Otto Binder had fallen before their bullets and copper snow-knives only the year before. From the rock-walled Coppermine he sent a two-man expedition to the Magnetic Pole in 1923,which discovered 400 hitherto unknown Eskimos, and reared a trading post on King William's Land, graveyard of the Franklin Expedition, in the heart of the Northwest Passage. Today the pioneer road he blazed from Fort St. John to Fort Nelson through the hunting grounds of Chief Bellyfull's hostile Sickannies has been converted by Uncle Sam's doughboys into the first link of the Alaska Defence Highway, over which American tanks, troops, airplanes and munitions have been whirled north to carry the war to Hirohito,

During the Royal visit Mr. Godsell, an adopted Chief of the Cree tribe, brought in befeathered headmen of the Cree, Sioux and Ojibway tribes to meet Their Majesties, copies of two of his earlier works, Arctic Trader and Red Hunters of the Snows, being later accepted by His Majesty, King George VI. as outstanding works on our nearing Northland. Mr. Godsell's latest work, The Romance of the Alaska Highway, (Ryerson Press, Toronto), was published last December, the first edition of 2,500 copies selling out within ten days. A new edition is now on the market. His other books are The Vanishing Frontier and They Got Their Man.

All have enjoyed a wide sale throughout the British Empire, Canada and the United States, and have been translated into numerous foreign languages. So, with this short introductory note, Philip Godsell takes over.

-0-0-0-0-

"Andy's" name is a tradition throughout the Peace River country. Anyone who ever ran across big, genial, hard-featured Sergeant Anderson of the old North West Mounted Police with his pitted face and ice-blue eyes will never forget that burly Icelander. When all attempts to stem the flow of illicit firewater into Indian territory had failed, the O.C., of "N" Division sent the Sergeant to Lesser Slave Lake and, in six months, the bootleg gang who had made the place accursed for nearly a decade were either behind the bars or had fled to safer climes. For the irrepressible Andy would rush in where angels feared to tread and, with a stubbornness of purpose his enemies mistook for stupidity, appeared to blunder ahead - yet always got his man!

Literally and figuratively, Andy was a law unto himself. Northerners maintained he wouldn't hesitate, if the occasion arose, to arrest his own mother. And in saying Andy was the toughest policeman they had ever known they were merely expressing the sentiment of every fur trader, riverman and roughneck from Athabasca Landing to the Rockies.

I first came into contact with Andy the day he had fished a body out of Lesser Slave Lake, after it had been under water all winter. Entering the Hudson's Bay post he casually flopped a large roll of soggy bills on the counter. "Would you youst count this money for me, Miles?" he asked Factor McDermott. "I vant a vitness to testify to the amount."

Miles drooped the money with a convulsive gasp. "Good God!" he turned ghastly. "Where did you get that stuff? Quick, Hodgson," he turned to the pale-faced clerk, "open the door!"

"I joust got it off the body!" grinned Andy.

"Body!" Miles glowered across the counter. "What body?"

"The body of that young Englishman who got drowned in Buffalo Bay last fall."

"Weel," roared Miles, "get oot o' here as quick's ye can - the stenche's awful!"

"Joust a minute Miles, joust a minute," persisted the imperturbable Andy, "you joust watch..... I'll count the bills."

Beaming broadly, the Sergeant commenced pawing the bills with his huge hands, moistening his finger with his thumb from time to time with an utter disregard for germs and hygene, to the unveiled horror of the Factor and his clerk.

But the best story of this hard-boiled Mountie, a yarn still told around the campfires of the Silent Places, is of the time he dogged a criminal for months only to find buried in the heart of the Rockies. But Andy had a reputation to maintain. He'd always got his man. To prove to Headquarters he had caught up with his quarry he cut off the head, threw it in a gunnysack and tied it to the saddle.

When he boarded the train at the end-of-steel there was something about the sinister bundle that aroused the curiosity of an inquisitive nigger porter. Warning him not to touch it, Andy tossed it under his berth and hit the hay. But the porter's curiosity was too much for him. As the Sergeant snored blissfully he hooked the gunnysack from beneath and lifted it. A grisly head rolled down the corridor, evoking screams that echoed throughout the train.

Old-timers insist that porter is running yet!

-0-0-0-0-

Have you heard of Mike, the Eskimo dentist? Commissioned by the Hudson's Bay Company to tour the North to care for the dental health of its employees, Dr. Millar finally set up his portable foot-drill at Herschel Island and went to work. Day after day a skin-clad Eskimo haunted his office. At last Mike became vocal. "Mebbe me help some?" he suggested with an engaging smile.

Good-naturedly the dentist set him to work, only to discover that Mike was a proficient ivory carver. In a few days Mike, with dental apron pulled over his skin clothing, had installed himself as dental mechanic, doing the most intricate work successfully.

At last the Lady Kindersley arrived back from Coronation Gulf on her way back to Vancouver, and Dr. Miller commenced to pack. Mike watched with gloomy eyes. "How much you take'um outfit?" he suddenly demanded.

"Five hundred dollars," laughed the dentist, not taking the suggestion seriously. Mike was off like a shot. Returning a few minutes later he planked down a Hudson's Bay draft on his savings for the amount. Proudly he took possession of the beloved drill, insisting that he also be given enough of "that yellow stuff", meaning gold, for fillings.

To the intense amusement of Herschel Island, Mike departed next day to act as interpreter for the Company at the isolated post of Kent Peninsula, amongst the Stone Age "Blonde" Eskimos, proudly toting along his dentistry outfit.

A year later he returned with five thousand dollars worth

of white foxes. "Where did you get all this fur?" I asked.

"Six'ma teeth!" Mike grinned.

Then he explained. Reaching the land of the primitive Cogmollock Eskimos he had set up his hyperborean dental parlour. The natives weren't dental minded, but Mike rose to the occasion nobly. Taking aside the chief angatkuk, or medicine man, he explained that he'd been to the land of the Kablunats. There, in civilization, anyone who was worth his salt, and considered himself a "big shot", had his eye teeth covered with gold as a mark of distinction. The medicine man's eyes widened. This was big stuff - something new. How much would it cost? "Just two white foxes a tooth," explained Mike.

In those days a white fox sold in Coronation Gulf for two boxes of 30.30 cartridges, but in civilization, Mike knew, the same skins were worth fifty dollars apiece.

Mike promptly went to work on his first patient, and turned him loose, grinning widely to display his gleaming golden molars to envious tribesmen.

The following morning Mike found a line-up of Stone Age Eskimos outside his door, all waiting with white foxes in their hands, to have perfectly good eye teeth covered with shining gold. Until the gold ran out Mike did a land office business. When nothing was left but the drill and a handful of dental charts his fertile brain evolved another idea. Explaining that these charts were charms against all the ills of mankind - that all one had to do was sew them up in buckskin and tie them against any afflicted spot - he disposed of them like hot-cakes to expectant mothers, rheumatic patients and all the afflicted at the modest sum of one white fox

apiece. Today you will still occasionally run across an Eskimo with one of these charts bearing Mike's name and receipted with the letters: "PADF".

-0-0-0-0-

On my way to Herschel Island that summer I found the waterfront at Aklavic lined with some sixty odd motor schooners belonging to the more civilized Nunatagmuit Eskimos. From gramophones in the holds emanated the strains of such, then popular ballads as Red Hot Mama; Dardanella, and How Are You Going To Keep 'Em Down On The Farm.

But what arrested my attention was an old Eskimo squatted on an up-turned soap-box pounding slowly and deliberately on the keys of a portable typewriter, a pair of horn-rimmed glasses perched gravely on his nose.

"What's the big idea?" I asked Charlie Christie, the Factor.

"Just watch," he chuckled softly.

The Eskimo finally withdrew his letter, substituted an envelope, as he had evidently seen the traders do, and tapped away again. Calling to a skin-clad youngster he handed him the letter. Skipping down the gangplank the lad disappeared into a fringe of willows. A few seconds later we heard the slow, deliberate click, click, click of another typewriter in an Eskimo tent.

"That Eskimo on the schooner," Mr. Christie explained, "is Illivernik, one of our best and wealthiest trappers. He has quite a big savings account in a Vancouver bank. He also trades with the other Eskimos during the winter. Last January, whilst staying in his igloo, I made some notes with the portable typewriter I always carry. Illivernik insisted I get him one just like it.

But the moment Tokiak, his opposition in that tent over yonder, heard of it he promptly ordered one as well. The typewriters just came in on the steamer."

"But," demanded an amazed tourist, "do these Eskimos understand English well enough to write?"

Charlie doubled up at the idea. "They're just writing a jumble of figures, punctuation marks and letters that don't mean a thing. But it gives them a lot of prestige with the other Huskies, who don't know the difference. They think they're all ~~the~~ same "big white trader"."

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There is a vast store of unwritten lore and legend in the old fur trails of Alberta. Emerson Hough, author of The Covered Wagon could hardly have seen, or written of, anything more humbly modest and splendidly inspiring than the soul-searing trails of those early settlers I used to meet bucking the Edson Trail to Grande Prairie and Pouce Coupe. Of those who tackled that earthly purgatory many laid down their lives in the first Great War, while the grave has claimed many others who trekked from Edmonton beyond the Big Smoky. But there are still living vigorous old-timers who recall that long, up-hill fight with grinning gumbo, bottomless sink-holes and the perils of the trail.

The first white man to cross the Churchill Divide and explore the Athabasca and the lower Peace was that picturesque freebooter, Peter Pond of Milford, Connecticut, who not only broke the first sod and raised a kitchen garden near the junction of the Athabasca and Athabasca Lake but established the nucleus of Fort Chipewyan, future cradle of exploration for this, then, untamed wilderness, and became the first geographer of the Northwest.

Then there is Smith Portage, the eighteen mile bottleneck in the two thousand miles of navigable rivers stretching northward from Fort McMurray to the rim of the Polar Sea. When I first hit this trail in '21 a string of rickety carts hauled by smagannapie cayuses, and driven by buckskin-coated red men, made heavy weather of hauling freight consigned to Mackenzie River fur forts along the muskeg trail that skirted Pelican Rapids and the Rapids of the Drowned. In those days the total quantity of freight required for the entire white and Indian population twixt Fort Smith and the Arctic Sea amounted to only four hundred and twenty tons for the three trading companies; and old Angus Brabant, the uncrowned Hudson's Bay emperor of this vast commercial kingdom, employed his own peculiar methods in handling these Indian freighters.

Usually he took care to own at least one essential part of each Indian or half-breed freighter's equipment. He would own the wheel of one Indian's wagon, one horse belonging to another half-breed's team, the whiffletrees of another, and the harness of still another. If any misguided redskin undertook to go on strike, or haul freight for the hated free traders, old Angus was over like a shot, whipped away his wheel, or his horse or his harness - and usually won the day. Old-timers maintain than when ox-teams hauled the freight across this portage the presence of beef on the Company's mess tables at Fort Fitzgerald or Fort Smith indicated without fail the demise from old age or over-work of some ancient and decrepit ox. As horses supplanted oxen, tough beef for many months thereafter became the <u>piece de resistance</u> at the mess tables, the meals being known by the names of the defunct animals supposed to have supplied the leathery meat!

It wasn't till the Lamson and Hubbard Company installed

heavy-duty gasboats, and built the two hundred and twenty ton sternwheeler, Distributor, at Fort Smith in 1920-21 that Northern transportation gradually emerged from almost Stone Age conditions. The following year I dispensed with angry Indians and their hay-wire outfits and arranged for Pat and Mickey Ryan to handle the Smith Portage freight, which led subsequently to a franchise, the widening and improving of the portage road, and the handling of a peak tonnage of ten thousand tons during the Great Bear Lake radium mining boom. A ton age that reached astronomical proportions during the American invasion and the construction of the famed and much abused Canol Pipeline Project.

Always quiet and unassuming, Mickey Ryan had his own effective way of coping with rebellious teamsters. There was the occasion when when "Red" Martin, a big, raw-boned skinner, engineered a strike at Hay Waterways. What he wasn't going to do to Mickey wasn't worth telling," he roared, as he tossed ninety pound bales around like rubber balls. He was still mumbling about the "go d cussin"!" he'd given Mickey in a note he had sent him that morning when there came the pounding of hooves and a horse and rider emerged from the poplars. Sliding quietly off his horse, Mickey approached the angry teamster, surveying him with a cool, hard smile. Red became uncomfortable, and his belligerency seemed to evaporate as he caught Mickey's penetrating blue eye.

"Say," drawled Mickey softly, "I jest received that note of yours."

Why.... er!.... uh! it was like this, Mickey....."

"O.K.," Mickey stepped forward, "Fither you eat them worfs right her and now or you take a lickin'. Come on," Mickey held out the offending note, "eat them words - and make it snappy!"

Gradually the piece of paper disappeared into Red's capacious mouth and he commenced to much away like a cow chewing her cud. Mickey watched with a grim smile. Red 's Adam's apple rose and fell a couple of times, then Mickey vaulted into the saddle. Without another word he disappeared along the trail leading back to Fort McMurray. The strike was over!

-0-0-0-0-

The Chipewyan tribe, who continue to trade their bear and muskrat pelts at Fort Chipewyan, cradle of exploration in Northern Alberta, believe that the world was originally inhabited by a mighty bird whose eyes were of fire and whose wings created the thunder. When this bird touched the waters with his wings it caused the earth to arise and remain forever upon the surface. Having produced this miracle the omnipotent bird then created all the different living creatures who inhabit it with the sole exception of the Chipewyan tribe, who derived their existence from a dog. Having completed this work the bird ~~kxxkk~~ left with the tribe an arrow which was to remain a sacred emblem, but which they foolishly destroyed. So angry was the bird at this act of desecration that it never returned to earth again, and left the Chipewyans to fend for themselves in the inhospitable barrens.

In olden days, the Chipewyans maintain, their people lived to a ripe old age and did not die till their feet were down from walking, or their throats with eating, and their mythology includes the story of a deluge which enveloped the whole earth, causing their ancestors to seek safety on the mountain tops.

After death they entered a new world where they embarked upon a mighty rived in a stone canoe. A gentle current bore them onward until they arrived at a large lake, in the centre of which

was a beautiful island having it upon it everything the aboriginal heart could desire to make life pleasant, including fabulously beautiful women. Behind this island they would have to appear before some mighty spirits who would sit on judgment on them and decide whether their good or evil deeds in life predominated. If they had been good they were permitted to land on the island where they could indulge to their heart's content for the rest of Eternity in those carnal and sensual pleasures which, according to their viewpoing, represented the acme of bliss. If, on the other hand, they had led evil lives, the stone canoe would sink, leaving them to struggle for all time in the water within sight of their more fortunate companions.

-0-0-0-0-

One hundred and fifty years ago this summer the Hudson's Bay Company reared the stockades of a puny fort on a river flat near the present Fort Saskatchewan, destined to become the nucleus of future Fort Edmonton and the present prosperous city of today. A year before, in the race to conquer the fur lands of the Northwest, the dynamic North West Company of Montreal had pushed their barken craft across the continent to this same spot, and the brawny arms of sun-tanned voyageurs had erected Fort Augustus. Partly to keep a vigilant and jealous eye on each other's fur trading activities, and partly for mutual protection against war-like Indian tribes, the posts were founded side by side. After the amalgamation of the two great trading companies in 1821 under the name of the pioneer Hudson's Bay Company the name Fort Edmonton was retained, and that of Fort Augustus passed into oblivion.

Today, with the Alaska Highway an accomplished fact, and

America and Soviet Russia linked with a chain of air ports radiating northwest from the city of Edmonton; with river transportation to the Arctic, and highways creeping northward to tap the hidden wealth of the Northland, those puny palisaded forts, alternately battling with each other for furs then joining hands to repel marauding Blackfeet, have fulfilled a great and unlooked for destiny in giving birth to a modern city that can truly call itself The Crossroads of the World.

AS WE WERE SAYING

Following our custom of establishing truth as a basis for Western exaggeration we present this yarn collected from M.B. Graham, of Calgary, by Lieutenant Herbert Halpert, U.S.A.A.F.:

When Paul Bunyan built the Rocky Mountains, it was the winter of the blue snow when the geese flew backwards. He hauled the rock from Winnipeg with a big blue ox. He had a steam shovel; everytime it took out a scoop it gouged out a hole the size of Lake Louise.

They made flapjacks on a large griddle. The griddle was so large that the KP, he'd have to skate up and down the griddle with greased feet -- butter his feet -- to get it greased.

He had an engine that was so large that everytime the wheels made one revolution it was pay day....*

We can't vouch for Paul's ox or steam shovel or griddle, but we can for the folored snow. George C. Ruhle, Park Naturalist, Glacier National Park, writing about a Bunyan ~~like-the-above, states:~~ yarn similar to the above, states:

Among the fantastic tales woven about the Cyclopean, heroic Paul Bunyan, the story of the "winter of the Blue Snow" ranks as a favorite. On rare occasions in wintertime Glacier's east side, too, experiences an unusually tinted snowfall, a beautiful creamy-buff precipitation which metls into tawny-skinned snow masses in the sun's heat.

~~Recently Lt. Herbert Halpert, at California Folklore~~ Quarterly, Vol. 4 No. 1, Jan. 1945.

* See Lt. Herbert Halpert, California Folklore Quarterly, Vol. 4 No. 1, Jan. 1945.

Residents become amazed at the strange phenomenon and tell stories of wars presaged b falls of blood-red flakes, tales are recalled of the earth's "sweating blood" after a ruthless and gory battle. No permanent mystery is attached to Glacier's experience, however. A great dust storm raging in the Palouse country of the Idaho Panhandle will darken the atmosphere for hundreds of miles away. A coincident snowstorm of the front ranges of the Rockies merely sweetens the dusty atmosphere, and becomes colored itself by so doing.

Wholly different from this externally colored snow is the "red snow" found at times on Glacier's summits in the summertime. Foot-prints across a snowbank are colored crimson; the field itself shows a light pink tinge. This coloration, like that of the famed blood-red snow fields of the arctic, like the "red snowstorms" of tradition, like the red snow of the Cordilleras, Alps and other montane regions throughout the world, is due solely to the rapid multiplication of a microscopic, but brilliantly colored one-celled alga. To the botanist this simple plant is Protococcus nivalis (primordial, nival coccus; freely, snow-dwelling, primitive plant), as much at home in the snow field, and quite as removed from the power of prophesying ominous events as the fiery paint-brush of the prairie or the scarlet salvia of a quaint, old-fashioned garden.*

While stationed at Calgary Lt. Halpert heard some of the famous tales of the West. There is the yarn, for instance, often told to illustrate deceptive distances in Alberta. The story as given here was told to Lt. Halpert by Dr. B.J. Charles.

~~This English~~

*See: Drivers' Manual, Glacier Park Transport Co., Glacier National Park, Montana, 1937.

This Englishman was here visiting a cousin of his, and in the morning he got up and he thought he'd like to walk from Calgary to the Rocky .....

HOTEL REGULATIONS - 1882.

The old Macleod Hotel was rough, ready and typically Western. It was run by Harry Taylor, who had managed to be both missionary and whiskey trader in his time. "Old Kamoose", they called him. Outside "Kamoose's" hotel was the sign "Macleod Hotel" with a picture of a gun pointing at a man's head, followed by the inscription "No jawbone - in God we trust, all others cash."

Here are some of the rules as laid down by the proprietor:

Boots and spurs must be removed at night before retiring.

Every known fluid, water excepted, for sale at the bar.

Special rates to Gospel grinders and the gambling profession.

Towels changed weekly. Insect powder for sale at the bar.

No kicking regarding the food. Those who do not like the provender will get out or be put out.

All guests are requested to rise at six a.m. The sheets are needed for table cloths.

No cheques cashed for anybody. Payment must be in cash, gold, or blue chips.

The bar will be open day and night. Day drinks, 50¢; night drinks $1.00. No mixed drinks will be served except in case of a death in the family.

Baths furnished free down at the river. Bathers must provide their own soap and towels.

When guests find themselves, or baggage, thrown over the fence they make consider it notice to quit.

To attract attention of waiters or bell boys, shoot a hole through door panel. Two shots for ice water; three for a deck of cards.

Subscription rate for the Quarterly is $1.00 yearly; single copies, 25¢

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A DOCTOR IN THE FOOTHILLS . . . . . W. Everard Edmonds
EARLY NATURAL HISTORY IN THE NORTH WEST . . . Dan McCowan
THE LAST BATTLE . . . . . G. A. Kennedy
THE MOUNTAIN THAT FELL . . . . . C. Frank Steele
ALBERTA WRITERS . . . . . Gwen Haris Kingwood

THE COVER

We borrowed our cover drawing for this issue from the Southern Alberta Pioneers' and Old-Timers Association. The drawing first appeared on the program of their 1944 annual roundup at the Palliser Hotel, Calgary. We were present at the roundup, enjoyed generous hospitality, and admired the program. We should probably mention that the Hudson's Bay Company, Calgary, originally furnished the cover cut to the Old Timers Association. Our thanks, then, to both the Old Timers and the Bay. Congratulations, too, should go to "The Honourable Company." This is an anniversary year.

August 23rd, 1945.

Printing Department,
University of Alberta.

Received from Alberta Folklore Department the following Mss., for September Quarterly:-

1 - Cut for cover -

2 - Title page for inside of front cover -

3 - Winners Competition, details to be printed on inside of back cover -

4 - Pages 1 to 3, Fillers to be used where necessary -

5 - " 66 " 137, inclusive, comprising the following articles, etc.,:-

As We Were Saying -
The Trail of Tamowenuk -
Belly River Dan -
The Clue of the Skull -
The Dead Man who Pumped Water -
Hotel Regulations, 1882 -
How Dave McDougall Hunted Wild Geese -
The Story of the Blood Indians -
Fur Fort to Capital -
The Cossack Bandits of the Crow's Nest -
The Trouble at Blackfoot Crossing -
Old Trading Forts in Southern Alberta -

Please set up in two columns, as in previous issues. Fillers to be printed in smaller type right across page. Please note that paging starts in this issue at Page No. 66.

PHILIP H. GODSELL.F.R.G.S.
Director Alberta Folklore &
Local History Project.

This is to certify that we have, this date received material as outlined above.

Printing Dep't. (per): [illegible]

Date Aug. 23/45

In this issue we publish a few stories about Bob Edwards. Bob is pleasantly remembered for many things, but very few critics have as yet evaluated his proper place in the literary history of the West. We believe that when the critics finally ~~get around to~~ make a close examination of the Western traditions they'll be climbing over each other to get a look at our little file of the Eye Opener.

Among other things Bob was responsible for the creation of ~~one of the~~ a legendary Western characters--Peter J. McGonigle. Peter J. was supposedly editor of the purely fictitious Midnapore Gazette--a hardy little sheet edited by a many-sided individual, for McGonigle naturally had interests other than publishing. These interests included any kind of liquor, horsestealing, politics, religion, ~~society~~ high society and numerous other social and anti-social activities.

In looking through the Eye Opener file we note a few good exploits of this folk tale hero. We add these references, trusting that some wide-awake critic will take the hint and examine Peter J. McGonigle. ~~These are only a few~~

July 13, 1907. McGonigle refuses to take drinks and cigars as subscriptions to the Gazette.
July 18, 1908. McGonigle arrested for stealing a bottle from the bar of the Nevermore Hotel, Midnapore.
June 27, 1908. McGonigle elected secretary of the Bible and Boozological Society.
Dec. 4, 1909. McGonigle shakes a rat out of his trousers.
Dec. 18, 1909. Midnapore Gazette resents trick played on harmless fire extinguisher salesman.
Dec. 8, 1909. Representive of the Midnapore Gazette calls on Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
March 5, 1910. McGonigle engaged to be married.
Oct. 15, 1910. Death of Peter J. McGonigle.
Feb. 11, 1911. McGonigle thought not dead but in a trance.

These are only a few. - Ed.

Paddy Nolan
Stood for my friend
[illegible] (Eng. Sgt.
Billy Lee tales { see "Sayenga Tales"

Paddy Nolan ~~a Alberta Tradition~~

NB Do these belong in file of material for Settlers Issue

how

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Gwyer therefore

good gracious

Alberta has had her share of
understanding + delightful visitors ~~Alberta has had her share of visitors~~.
~~the~~ these characters

Stettler Independent

C. L. Willis, Editor and Publisher

Stettler, April 14th, 1940.

Professor Ward,

University of Alberta.

Dear Mr Ward;

I am inclosing copy of editorial on "The Flying Machine", taken from the Independent of October 17th, 1907. Whether it is any use to you or not I do not know, I was speaking to Mrs Underwood after you left and she states that the machine did not fly with the engine power, but it was sent into the air as a glider. The fact was that at that time, Elmer Underwood could not obtain an engine that had enough horse power, and all he could get was a motor cycle engine from the States. So he constructed ~~a windless and~~ an elevated platfomm and shot the flying machine off this platform, using a windlass and long rope. It ranged over the trees in its flight on each occasion to the length of the rope. There was no real development in flying machine engines at that earlydate, and the underwoods deserve credit for going as far as they could.

Your address was well thought out here, & it was something different.

Stettler Independent

C. L. Willis, Editor and Publisher

You spoke of Paddy Nolan and Bob Chambers, but the fact is that most of our local characters came from the States. You would not get much from Billy Grey or Hugh Mc Taggart but men like Jim Summers (from Nebraska) and Jack Dubois (from Texas) were always good for some tall stories. I am sending you a copy of this week,s Independent giving an outline of the history of Jack Dubois, who was a gentleman adventurer in his own right. Thanking you for coming down to our Rotary club luncheon,

Yours truly

C.L.Willis.

C L Willis

From an Editorial - Stettler Independent - October 17th, 1907

The Flying Machine

The Underwood Brothers are still hard at work upon their invention or rather the installation of the engine and mechanical parts connected with it and they hope very shortly to make their trial flight.

It has for years become the custom to regard the " flying machine" as a crank or a dreamer but the successes of recent years that have attended the efforts of men of brains and ingenuity, has had the effect of convincing the most sceptical that aerial navigation is possible and many who only five years ago ridiculed this mode of travel, are beginning to look forward with some show of eagerness to the day they will be able to bridge space in this manner with every degree of safety.

The simplicity of the design of the Underwood machine, together with its absolute security against "turning turtle" appeals to every one who has seen it, and these advantages, coupled with the fact that its plane surface is, in proportion to its weight, many times greater than any other machine ever displayed, seems to ensure its ultimate success, though it may be some time before everything is adjusted and balanced so nicely that it will be capable of making an extended flight.

The Underwood machine does not in any particular resemble any other known flying machine and it is more than likely that their invention will succeed: seeing that they have thought out a design of

their own, which obviates the difficulites which caused the failures of their predecessors. These facts together with the knowledge that the Underwood family are inventors of a number of devices and machines of marketable value convinces one that above all other things they are practical inventors and not imitators.

Should this machine prove the success its admirers think it will, the name of Underwood, the town of Stettler and incidently the dominion of Canada will attain a degree of notoriety that will engrave those three names on the pages of history for all time.

In view of the interest that is centering around the Stettler Flying Machine just now we have this week devoted as much space as could be afforded to the subject under the heading of "The Airship Age" which has been taken from an English magazine and is interesting reading; more especially as able writers are now discussing aerial navigation with seriousness, and not a few clear thinkers are looking forward to the possibilities of the greater powers abandoning the building of naval battleships in favor of battle airships.

-30-

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF BRAWNY BRONCHO BUSTERS

MR. JIM SUMMERS

Mr. Jim Summers came to Lacombe in 1902, and to Union Hall district in 1905. Old man Carder hailed from Missouri but old man Summers came from Nebraska. Settlers from the States did not leave that country because it had gone bad on them. But land was high, taxes were also high, and Alberta was the last best West in the early nineteen hundreds. We don't know any settler from anywhere who had less money and a greater physical equipment than Jim Summers when he came to Union Hall in 1905. He had no money, he was 53 years old, he was over 6 feet 4 inches tall, he had a reach that was half a foot broaded than his height, and he was as strong as a gorilla. He could lift a barrel of flour from the wagon and carry it into the shack without trouble, and we are not sure whether he used to carry the plow on his shoulder to the field when commencing the day's work. No man worked harder than Mr. Summers, when he settled in this district, and no settler produced better results. He homesteaded one quarter and within 5 years he had 4,000 acres of land, mostly bought from the C. P. R.. In ten years he had all his land and equipment paid for, including a threshing outfit, and all the other farm machinery necessary to farm an acreage of that size. He paid cash as he went along. The land was new and he always figured on forty bushels of wheat per acre. In 1915 he reached another peak by producing 23,000 bushels of wheat off his total acreage. In 1917 he reached the highest peak by selling his 23,000 bushels of wheat for $2.72, he realized the sum of $62,560.00 for his 1916 crop, sold at war prices. This sounds like a fairy story but these are his own figures. At the same time he was raising a family of boys who, while not as good as the old man, but who were able to start and make it go where he left off.

In other words, starting from nothing in 1905, he bought 4,000 acres and all necessary farm equipment, for cash during the first ten years, and on top of that he sold a bonanza crop of over $62,000 net.

All this was done after he was 53 years old, starting life over again in a new country, and within the twelve years from 1905 to 1917 he must have made over $160,000 in his farming operations, basing his land at the conservative estimate of $20 per acre. Is there any country in the world which could show a better record in agriculture?

ED. BARNETT and W. B. GRAY

There are all kinds of pioneers. Some of them have lived on rabbits, some on fish, some on buffalo, and others on shoe leather, but we have two of the earliest pioneers in our midst who can measure swords and swap experiences with any other two men in Western Canada. These are Ed. Barnett and Judge Gray.

Possibly Ed Barnett was the first to arrive in Alberta. He got here in 1877, when he landed in what was then known as Fort McLeod, later Calgary. Ed. was not here long before he joined the R. N. W. M. P. and for three years from 1877 to 1881 he roamed the western plains between Fort McLeod and Fort Edmonton, as a member of that high class body of men. He was as well acquainted with what is known as the Calgary-Edmonton trail as his present trail from Kanata to Stettler, and in 1881 he decided to leave the force and start ranching in the vicinity of Lacombe. He left Calgary for the north on one of the coldest days of the winter of 1881, with only his horse for company. He got off the trail soon after leaving Calgary and lost himself in the vast territory to the north. For four days and three nights he roamed around, sleeping in the snow drifts at night, without a bite to eat, and finally reached Nose Creek, and followed it until it brought him back to his starting point. He had travelled in a circle for four days, with the snow a foot and a half deep, and was willing to give up the ghost the third night on the prairie. That was the winter that the Cochrane ranch lost 7,000 head of cattle. Ed claims that he has really never got over his experience of that time, and that it has affected him ever since. At any rate, while he was at one time calm and equable in temperament, he is now impatient and exciteable and a bundle of nerves.

From 1882 to 1890, Ed ranched on the site of Lacombe. He was the first man ever to turn a sod on the Calgary-Edmonton trail. When he started his ranch there was not a settler between Calgary and Edmonton. Mr. Barnett at one time owned Lacombe town site and still has property here. During these years he met W. B. Gray, who was located at Lamerton and in 1895 he decided to take up a ranch at Lamerton. Here he spent five years and in 1895 he was persuaded by Colonel McLeod, head of the Mounted Police to go farther east and see what the country was like for settlement. He journeyed to Pine Lake, south of Botha, and ranched there from 1895 to 1900. His nearest neighbor being Joe Harbison who was located on the farm where he still lives.

In 1900 he moved again to his present homestead at Liberal. Here he lived in a shack until 1908 when he built the commodious residence which he has occupied ever since. He was the first man to turn the sod in Kanata district, just as he had been the first man to turn the sod at Lacombe.

For twelve years, from 1878 to 1890, he roamed the central part of what is now Alberta without meeting a settler of any kind. He is our earliest pioneer, and during the early days he went through experiences which would cause some of the later generation to reach for a gun. Flour was $15 a sack at Calgary; sugar was 50 cents a lb., While on the mounted police he was hung up for seven days one winter in the Wood Mountains, near international boundary during a blizzard. There was no part of the province that he did not know between Calgary and Edmonton, and from Lacombe to Buffalo and Pine Lakes. He knew solitude as few men have known it among the pioneers. He is now over seventy years of age and still engaged in active farming.

W. B. GRAY

Judge Gray has been a resident of Stettler since 1905. He was middle aged when he came here, versed in the knowledge of the world, a cosmopolitan of the truest type, the son of a famous English surgeon and a student of nature all his life. Mr. Gray has the real pioneer outlook. He could not stay in England to settle down to a life of ease, but wanted to see the world, so he sailed for Canada in 1884, and came as far west as Calgary. He took part in the rebellion in 1884 and after that chapter in western history was closed he was appointed deputy registrar of Calgary, and did all the work with one assistant in the office which has now expanded to a staff of over one hundred. After filling this position for two years he ranched in the vicinity of Calgary for ten years up to 1895, when he emigrated to Lamerton on the west side of Buffalo Lake, where he became a settler in our own district. At that time Fletcher Bradem kept a trading post at Lamerton and also conducted a post office. Mr. Westhead, later of Alix, was also a rancher in that district. About the same time Ed Barnett came in from Lacombe. These two ranchers, Mr. Gray and Mr. Barnett were neighbors for five years when Ed. moved to the ranch at Pine Lake. Mr. Gray stayed on at Lamerton for another five years until Stettler began to build up, when he moved to the town in the fall of 1905, and opened up the Dominion Land Office, and was appointed Police Magistrate. As Lamerton was the only trading post and post office east of Lacombe for some years, the Judge (as he is now called) made the acquaintance of hundreds of men who were trekking to the new country in Central Alberta. As a pioneer he always kept open house and was known to all the ranchers in Alberta from Calgary south to the district between Lacombe and Stettler and farther east. No man in Alberta has more friends and no man knows the country better than he does. He is contented in solitude and in the company of his fellow men. In fact for him there is no solitude as the study of Nature is one of his absorbing pursuits when he is alone on his farm or taking a solitary trip to some new part of the country. He is now 76 years of age, in the prime of middle age, without a wrinkle on his face or a care on his mind, a philosopher who has taken fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks. He has known wealth and he has known poverty, he has attended many banquets and has slept on the bare ground, without knowing where his next meal would come from. He is typically a pioneer and will always remain one.

BEFO